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INDIAN NAMES IN MAINE. The following newspaper verses are perhaps worth record here : —

Ever since th' war begun
 'Tween th' Russ an' little Jap,
 We hev been a-pokin' fun
 At that portion of th' map.
 Made an awful howdy-do,
 An' we kind o' sort o' sneer
 At them names so big an' new,
 But we 've got some wuss ones here.

There 's
 Sagadahoc,
 Amabessacook,
 Cauquomgomac,
 Moosetocmagauth,
 Mattawamkeag,
 Magaguadavick,
 Passamaquoddy,
 Witteguergaucum,
 Sisbadobosis,
 Passadumkeag,
 Chemquashhabamticook,
 Unsuntabum,
 Pemadumcook,
 Wyptopitolock,
 Pattagumpus,
 Mattagamonsis.

Don't them twisters jar yer brain?
 Well, you 'll find 'em all in Maine.

Yes, I think we 'd better quit
 Pokin' fun at Jap an' Russ
 'Fore th' other nations git
 Out their hammers knockin' us.
 Let me hand you out a hunch,
 'Fore their awful names we damn :
 We have got a corkin' bunch
 In th' land o' Uncle Sam !

Think of
 Sagadahoc,
 Amabessacook,
 Cauquomgomac,
 Moosetocmagauth,
 Mattawamkeag,
 Magaguadavick,
 Passamaquoddy,
 Witteguergaucum,
 Sisbadobosis,
 Passadumkeag,
 Chemquashhabamticook,
 Unsuntabum,

Pemadumcook,
Wyptopitlock,
Pattagumpus,
Mattagamonsis.

Gives th' alphabet a pain?
I should smile! An' all from Maine!

E. A. Brinistool, in St. Louis Star.

SENECA WHITE DOG FEAST. The following clipping from "The Washington (D. C.) Post" was sent the editor by Rev. J. S. Lemon. It treats of the "New Year's Feast," or "White Dog Feast" of the Seneca Indians.

"LAWTON'S STATION, N. Y., March 1, 1905. The Seneca Indians of Western New York have ended their New Year's feast. For ten days they have celebrated the midwinter festival in their long house on the reservation, a mile from Lawton's Station.

"The time-honored customs of the Indian New Year are over. The grotesque dances of wooden faces and husk-clad harvest spirits, the thrilling war dance, the fantastic feather dance, have ended for a year. Each has left its lasting impression in the minds of the people of this fading race. Of all the ceremonies, the one which will linger ever vivid in the memories of the Senecas was the 'Wae-yet-gou-to,' prayer song to 'He who made us,' by Chief Ga-ni-yas of the Wolf clan, the venerable leader of the pagan Indians of New York.

"Nothing was so impressive, so dramatic, so touching, as this prayer song to the Great Spirit. Originally it was chanted during the burning of the white dog, but for a score of years the sacred white dog has been extinct among the Senecas, and never since has the prayer song been heard in the long houses where ceremonies are celebrated.

"The old chiefs have viewed with increasing sorrow the decay of the religion and race, and, believing it due to the neglect of old covenants with the Great Spirit, importuned old Chief Crow to recite again the prayer that once gave the nation strength to conquer the evil things and thoughts that the white invader brought.

"When the aged priest stood at the altar before the yawning fireplace, the people bowed their heads, tears coursed down the furrowed coppery cheeks of the older men, younger men breathed hard with suppressed emotion, and the women hid their faces in their shawls. With bared heads the company of the faithful sat around the square before the altar.

"The striped dog pole leaned against the fireplace, but there was no dog. The white man's civilization had swept all away, and the Great Spirit would not send more. The preacher must therefore pray more earnestly, for now there was no spirit of the faithful dog to carry the message with it.

"The tobacco smoke alone remained to do this. A basket of exquisite workmanship filled with the sacred herb stood on the hearthstone at the preacher's feet.